



Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1871.

POETRY.

GERRY'S BOOTS.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

They nearly strike me dumb,
And I tremble when they come
Pit-a-pat—
This palpitation means
That these boots are Geraldine's—
Think of that!
O where did hunter win
So delectable a skin
For her feet?
You lucky little kid,
You perish'd, so you did,
For my sweet!
The fairy stitching gleams
On the sides and in the seams,
And it shows
That the Pixies were the wags
Who tipt those funny tags,
And these toes.
The simpatons who squeeze
Their extremities to please
Mandarins,
Would positively flinch
From venturing to pinch
Geraldine's.
What solus to charm an elf?
Had Crusoe, sick of self,
Chanced to view
One printed near the tide,
O how hard he would have tried
For the two!
For Gerry's diagonal,
And innocent and fair
As a rose:
She's an angel in a frock,
With a fascinating cock
To her nose.
Cinderella's left and right
To Geraldine's were frights:
And I trow,
The damsel, deftly shod,
Has beautiful trod
Until now.

The Phantom Hound.

Some years ago, during a temporary residence in St. Petersburg, I became acquainted with a little man who rejoiced in the big name of Porfirii Kapitonovitch. He had served, for a short time, in a Russian hussar regiment, and was now an inspector of certain Government stores or warehouses; which position, however, did not exact any transcendental abilities, inasmuch as the warehouses aforesaid only existed on paper—an admirable system of administrative economy, as at least, the expense of building the warehouses was spared; and the little man with the big name took his ease with the traditional dignity.

We were talking, one evening at the cafe, on ghosts, spirits and kindred subjects, and I plainly expressed my unbelief in such matters.

"Something once happened to me," said Porfirii Kapitonovitch, "in complete disaccord with the laws of nature! In complete disaccord with the laws of nature!" he repeated, smacking his lips, as if he relished the phrase.

"Indeed!" I cried. "What was this wonderful affair?"

"I will tell you," said he; and forthwith commenced the following little history: I own, as you probably know, or, rather, as you probably don't know, a small property in the district of Kozelsk. At first, I made a little out of it, but latterly it has brought me nothing but quarrels and lawsuits. However, we don't talk politics.

One night, about eight years ago, I had been spending the evening with a neighbor, and returned to my bachelor home—quite sober, understand—about eleven o'clock.

I undress; I get into bed; I blow out my light, and in ten minutes after, something begin to move, under the bed.

"What's that?" said I to myself. "A mouse?"

No! No mouse could make that noise. Well, it scratched, and moved about, and scraped the floor with its hind legs, and shook its ears; and in short, and fact, it was a dog! There was no doubt about that.

But where did it come from? I had no dog.

I called my servant.

"Filka! Filka!"

In came Filka, with a light.

"There's a dog under the bed, Filka," said I. "Turn him out!"

Filka, with the candle, fell on his hands and knees, and explored the dark depths under the bed.

"Well!" said I to Filka.

Well!" said he, "there's nothing there. Not the shadow of a dog.

"Then he must have run out when you opened the door."

And for that night the affair was over. But the next, just imagine, hardly had I blow out the candle, when flap went the villain's ears!

"Filka!" I roared.

In he runs, down he goes, and finds nothing again.

I go to bed once more, blow out the candle, and in an instant I hear him breathing, scraping, snapping and biting at him—elf for phantom fleas, just as if he were a real canine.

"Filka!" I cried, "come again, but don't bring a light."

He comes!

"Well!" I said, "do you hear?"

"I do!" said he; and I could tell by his voice that he was afraid. "'Tis a piece of sorcery!" he went on—"a devilry!"

"Go to the deuce!" said I, stoutly; but I remarked that my voice was as wispery as his.

I light my candle. No more dog! No more row! No more anything! but Filka and myself, as white as the sheets, A happy thought struck me. An inspiration of common sense! I left my candle burning, and for the rest of the night all was peace.

Well, my friend (continued Porfirii Kapitonovitch), this little diversion lasted for six weeks! and at last I became so accustomed to it, that I blew out my candle notwithstanding—for I cannot sleep if there is a light in my bedroom.

One evening, a friend of mine, Vassili Vassivitch paid me a visit, and I invited him to stay all night, for I wished to if a stranger could break the spell. A bed was prepared for him in my room, and the moment the light was out, the farce commenced.

Scrape, scrape, scrape! and scratch, scratch, scratch! and better still, my phantom hound marches up and down the room, tearing at the floor with his claws, the while; and finally overturns a chair close to the bedside of my friend.

"Ah!" said he—and, take notice, in his ordinary voice, quite naturally—"ah! you have a dog there! What breed is he?"

"Breed!" I muttered to myself. And then I lit my candle, and told him the whole story; and said I, "I believe don't either Socrates or Freerick the Great himself could clear it up!"

I never saw a man in such a hurry in my life as Vassili Vassivitch, when I explained matters. He sprang from the bed like a scalded cat!

"Porfirii Kapitonovitch!" he cried, "I do not wait here another minute! Thou art a man accused! My horses! My horses!" And without waiting to get into his boots, he fled from the room!

He came to see me the next day, and counseled me to leave the place for a time, to try if that would destroy the charm. Very sensible advice, you would say, but then my neighbor Vassili was a very remarkable man—a man of an altogether superior mind. His own mother-in-law, among others, he perplexed and overcame in a most triumphant manner; and she became like a sheep in his hands! Imagine what a man he must have been, thus to subdue and circumvent a mother-in-law!

Brief, I went to the city, and took up my lodgings with an old inn-keeper I knew, named Roskolnik—a little grumbling old man, who held tobacco and dogs in horror, and I believe would not on any consideration have allowed one of the latter in the house.

"It is likely?" he would say. "Here is the good Virgin who honors me by hanging in my apartment, and shall an impious dog dare to intrude his unholy muzzle therein?"

As a favor, the old man allowed me to share his room, having another bed placed there purposely for me. This arrangement suited me very well, as it provided me with a reliable witness for my canine encounter.

At bedtime, my ancient mumbled his prayers before the aforesaid picture of the Virgin; then tumbled into bed, where he soon initiated an instastically graduated nose solo, beginning with a plaintive nasal wailing, and finally merging into a regular rolling fire of full-bodied snores.

Sleep through that, eh? And then the lamp burning before the pictures disturbed me. This latter difficulty I disposed of at one breath, and crept quietly back to bed.

Would you believe it? I had hardly prone again, before the infernal scratchings recommenced—the ear flappings, the

rustlings and writhings and all, just as usual, to such an extent that the old man woke up, and sprang from his bed, crying: "A dog! a dog!—an accursed dog!" and rushing to the picture of the Virgin, he relit the lamp, made the sign of the cross three times. And then I told him the meaning of it all.

"Well, Fedoul Ivanovitch, what do you think of it?"

"'Tis a temptation of the devil!" he cried. "To-morrow I'll give you a letter to a sainted man at Belev. Now I must burn incense;" and this he did to a suffocating degree. "Now try and sleep," said he, "and in the morning we will take counsel together. To-morrow is wiser than to-day."

And with that we went to sleep—undogged sleep. In the morning he wrote me a letter, in these words:

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen! To Serge Prokhorovitch Pervouchine. Believe and help the bearer. Send me more cabbages, and praised be the name of the Lord! "FEDOUL IVANOVITCH."

I went to Belev, and found the holy Serge digging cabbage in a small field, in the midst of which stood a rude hut.

He was an old, old man, poorly dressed, with a beard like a goat's, no teeth, and the most piercing eyes I have ever seen.

I told him my difficulty, and for some time he appeared to be communing with invisible spirits; and his visage and demeanour changed to such an extent, that he appeared like one possessed.

I must confess that it produced in me a feeling very much akin to fear. At last, returning to himself, he said, transfixing me with his keen and penetrating gaze:

"You can be assisted. This visitation is not intended as a punishment, but as a warning. There is quietude in the spirit-world on your account, and there are those who pray anxiously for you. Go to the church, prostrate yourself before the images of the pure and helpful bishops, Saint Zozime, and Saint Savvat of Solovetz! Pray to them; then go to the market and buy you a young dog; keep it with you night and day! Your visitations will cease, and, in addition, the dog will be useful to you!"

I thanked the old man profoundly, and offered him three roubles.

"Give them to the Church or to the poor, such services as mine cannot be paid!" he said, quietly.

I followed his device, called my dog "Treasure," and the next night slept at home again, with my four-footed companion established by my bedside.

I boldly blew out my light and listened. Not a sound.

"Come on, friend Phantom," I exclaimed—come on!"

Not a scratch, a scrape, or a flap.

"Filka!" I cry. In he comes. "Filka, do you hear him?"

"No, master," said he, "I hear nothing!"

"Good!" said I. "There's half a rouble for you."

"Permit me to kiss your hand," says he, and he was as well pleased as I was myself.

And I never heard the phantom hound again (cried Porfirii) not that the story's finished—the end is yet to come.

Treasure grew and grew, and became a large and very powerful dog. He was much attached to me and never left my side.

One very hot summer's day I went to visit a fair neighbor who lived about a verst from my house, and my Treasure, of course, went with me.

Ninfodora Semenova was a young and fresh widow, with whom my bachelorhood had a very narrow escape! (and here Porfirii Kapitonovitch heaved a deep sigh, whether of satisfaction or regret I could not at the moment discover.) Just as I reached the door, (he resumed,) I heard shouts and cries so alarming, that I turned hastily around, and found myself face to face with an enormous red-colored brute I thought at first was a wolf, but I soon discovered, to my horror, was a mad dog! His jaws were open, his eyes bloodshot, his white, glistening tusks, and red tongue half-covered with foam!—never was I tried with such a fearful vis-a-vis in my life!

I had scarcely time to utter one exclamation of horror, when the monster was close upon me, and I thought my end was come. Crack, flashed! and Treasure flew at his throat like a streak of lightning, and clung to it like a leech, while I opened the door, rushed through, and rapidly

closed it again, planting against it the strongest back I could assume.

The battle raged. I called, "Help! Mad dog! Help!" Ninfodora Semenova and all her household, with its back hair down, ran hither and thither in the wildest confusion; but in few moments I saw, through the keyhole, the mad dog dart off through the village, and Treasure after him. I looked in the mirror and saw that I was green as grass with the fright; while Ninfodora, also with the fright, was sobbing and clucking on the sofa like a distressed hen.

"Are you alive?" at last she faintly asked.

"Yes, thanks to my dog."

"Ah, what a noble dog!" she cries "Has the mad brute killed him?"

"No," said I, just catching a glance of Treasure through the window, returning to the house, limping and bleeding; "but I see he is badly wounded."

"Wounded!" she shrieked; "bitten by the mad dog! Then he must be shot!"

"Not at all," I said; "I shall try and cure him."

Just then poor Treasure scratched at the door for admission, and I immediately went to open it.

"Ah, ah! what would you do?" shrieked Ninfodora.

"Let him in."

"Never never! he would bite us, and we should all go mad, mad, mad!"

"Nonsense, Ninfodora," I urged; "nonsense. I am surprised at you. Calm yourself."

"Begone! go! leave my house! you and your infamous dog, too! You are mad as he is. Go, both of you, and never look me in the face again!"

"I'm going," I said, nettled enough, as you may imagine.

"Don't lose any time, then, for I'm all in a tremor till you are both gone!"

You may suppose that from that day forth all intimacy was at an end between Ninfodora Semenova and Porfirii Kapitonovitch; and after mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I ought to be grateful to my attached friend, Treasure, till the day of my death.

I have not much to add. Treasure happily recovered from his wounds, and did not go mad; and the phantom hound he chased away from under my bed never returned to plague me. So now, Mr. Disbeliever in ghosts, explain that if you can, concluded Porfirii Kapitonovitch, triumphantly.

I could not dear reader! Can you?

Qualities of a Good Collector.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at 9 o'clock."

Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out to make change when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go to an "old stager" every day for a month with a cheerful countenance "about that little account."

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and "credit it" with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests a check when the money is not in hand, as he can get it "cashed" to-morrow.

Always has the account "on top" so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking for it immediately after being "treated"—or pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry, "can wait till you get through."

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store where he goes to hide.

Can cough or salute when the "hard case" wants to pass without seeing him.

In fine—is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weather-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk:—Columbus Index.

Bound to do a full Day's Work.

Mr. M., of Oxford, don't object to having a hired man do a full day's work—at least, so we judge from the following story: A short time ago a man went to his place for work. Mr. M. set him ploughing round a forty-acre field. After he had ploughed faithfully all day until the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed his opinion that it was about time to quit.

"Oh, no!" replied Mr. M., "you can plough eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man ploughed around six or eight times, then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the timepiece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M., "Where is Mr. M.?"

The good woman answered, "He has retired; do you wish to see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bedroom, he said.

"Mr. M., "where is your axe?"

"Why," said Mr. M., "what do you want to do with the axe?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I thought you might want me to split wood till breakfast is ready."

Rent Story.

Once in the Latin quarter of Paris, one may learn useful facts. Among others, an ingenious method for avoiding the payment of rent, that would do an honor to Dick Swiveller. The explanation of the method is inseparable from its illustration:

The landlady of a certain medical student who effectually dunned her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last upon resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning, and said in a decided tone.

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you, madam, I will go with the utmost expedition, if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest of pleasure."

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame.

"Will you have the kindness to place it in the bottom of my trunk?" said he folding it up.

"What is it?" said the landlady recoiling a little.

"That? Poo! that—Oh, it's the skeleton of my first landlord, who was inconsiderate enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him, and then I—be careful that you do not break it—it's number one of my collection."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer, and took out another skeleton.

"This is my landlady in the Rue l'Ecole de Medicine. A very worthy lady, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you also place it on the other? It is number two."

The landlady opened her eyes as large as portecochers.

"This," continued the student, "this is number three. They are all here! A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to number four."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled, almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

Went for Wine.

A rough looking specimen of humanity was recently promening up Chatham street, New York, when he came plumply upon a Jew.

Without word of warning the rough knocked him sprawling into the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his bleeding nose between his finger and thumb, he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up. I'll bust you again!" said the aggressor, approaching him again.

"I have never done nothing mit you; so, what for you smash me in de nose?" demanded Abraham.

"Yes yer hev; yer Jews crucified Jesus Christ, and I have a mind to go for you again."

"But, mine Cot, dat vash eighteen hundred years ago," said the Jew.

"Well, I don't care if it was; I only heard of it last night!" replied the unwashed, and he went for him again.

Emerson, in his essay on 'Heroism' has those golden words: "The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties will mould the character or that temper which will work with honor if need be, in the tumult or on the scaffold."

The Wages of Royalty.

Royalty is, perhaps, the best business going, regarded from a pecuniary standpoint. The salaries of Emperors and Kings are for the most part liberal, and no deduction is made on account of absence from duty.

The Czar of Russia has the most profitable birth, his wages averaging \$25,000 per day, or 365 times as much as President Grant receives. The Sultan of Turkey struggles along on \$18,000 per day.

How he can do it, with his large family, and the inevitable enormous dry goods bills—is not easy to understand. Louis Napoleon, last September, lost a place that paid him \$14,000 per day; but he has been prudent, and has saved up something handsome, which will keep him comfortable in his old age. What the pay of emperor William, of Germany may be, we don't know, but as King of Prussia, he was paid only \$8,270 per day, or \$3,000,000 per year. Victor Emanuel, of Italy, enjoys an income of about \$3,000,000. Queen Victoria is a good manager, and keeps the pot a-billin on about \$2,000,000 per year. The Prince of Wales finds \$925,000 unequal to his expenses. Some time ago, a man named Needy left Queen Victoria \$1,750,000, and Prince Albert left her \$5,000,000. It is believed that she will "cut up" more richly than any other sovereign of Europe.

In contrast to these magnificent figures it may be interesting to know that the average income of nine millions of people in England and Wales is less than two shillings per day.

Men's Rights.

Burleigh tells this story in the Boston Journal:

Coming up in the cars quite an amusing incident occurred. The palace cars need custom. The common cars are few and crowded, and those who would be comfortable are compelled to pay extra and have a seat in the palace saloon. Several gentlemen stood. A lady took a whole seat to herself, and piled up her baggage on the spot where weary gentlemen would be glad to repose. The lady left her seat for a moment and went to the rear. A gentleman at once went for it—piled the bags on the seat the lady occupied and sat down. All watched the operation. Soon the lady came on with a quick step. She came to a halt and said, "Sir, you have my seat." "I think not; your luggage is on your seat." "I have had the seat all the way from Albany." "Yes ma'am, and I have stood all the way from Albany, and intend to ride the rest of the way to Rutland." Not an inch did the woman budge; she held her ground full ten minutes. The intruder was quietly reading—the only one in the car that was not absorbed in the affair. The silence was painful. At last the woman gave way. In a huff she seized her bundles, made for the palace car, and paid for all the room she occupied. Her exit was attended with a short, sharp cheer, and the audience recovered.

Remnants By Josh Billings.

Customs are like grease—they make everything slip easy.

There iz sum things that kant be counted— a blush iz one of them.

Goodness iz jist az mutch ov a studdy as mathumatics iz.

If a man expects tew be very virtuous he musn't mix too mutch with the world nor too mutch with himself neither.

The people who actually deserve tew live their lives over agin are the very ones who don't want to do it.

The richest man ov all iz he who has got but little, but haz got all he wants.

Natur makes all the noblemen—wealth, edukashun, nor pedigree never made one yet.

When a man doz me a favour I alwus try tew remember it, and when he doz me an injury I alwus try tew forget it— if I don't, I ought to.

If a man iz honest he may not alwus be in the right, but he kan never be in wrong.

Grate talkers are generally grate liars, for them who talk so mutch must sooner or later run out ov the truth, and tell wut they don't kno.

I don't bet thare iz enny sich thing as a perfectly good man, or a perfectly bad man.

I kno ov enny quantity ov people whose virtues are at the mercy ov other folks, who are good simply for the reputation ov it, who hav't got enny more real appetite tew their conscience than a kint haz.